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CHILDREN



OF
THE

YEAR.

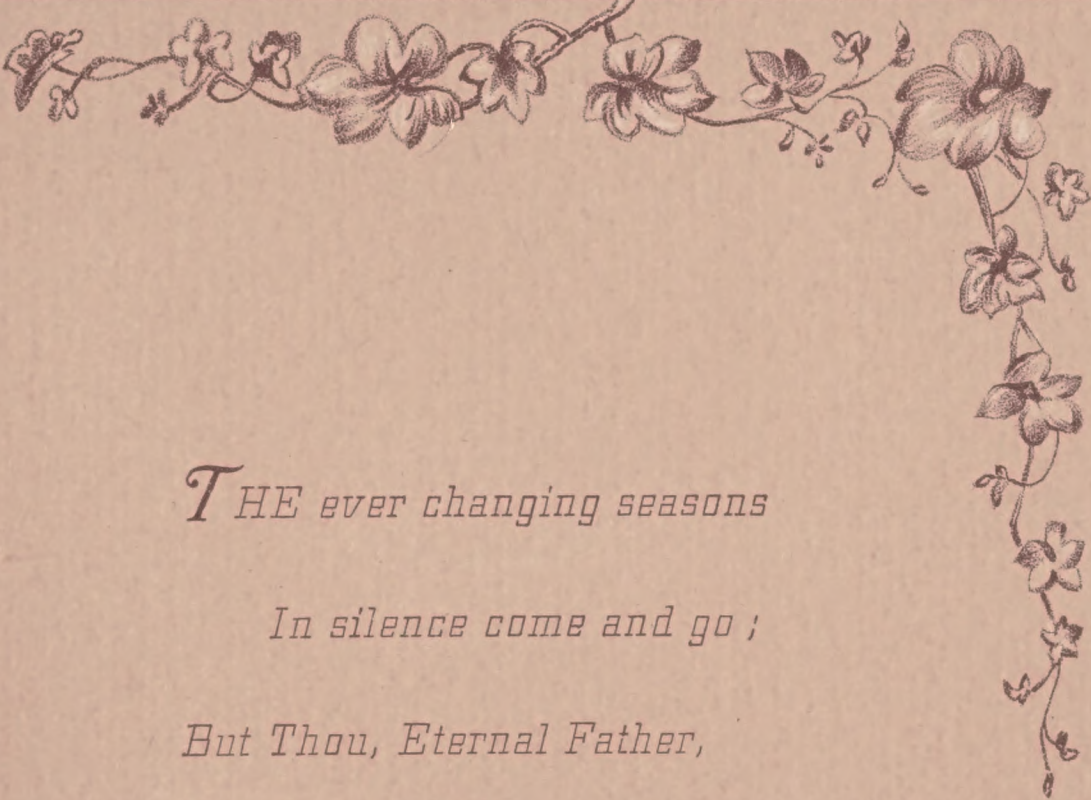
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THE ever changing seasons

In silence come and go ;

But Thou, Eternal Father,

No time or change canst know.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW



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April.

*NURSELING of Mother Nature !
just because*

*Thou art a tender child, whose ready
tears*

*With readier smiles and ever present fears,
And transient hopes, are true unto the laws
That circle babyhood—affection draws
Our souls to note the gospel that appears
In thy soft tints and gently rounding
spheres*

Of vital joyousness.

*And thus we pause,
Delighted with thy game of hide-and-
seek,
Roguish thou lift'st a rumpled pinafore
Of clouds to veil the quick returning
store
Of dewy sunshine, while bright colors
speak*

*A conscious rapture in the peeping
flowers,*

*Held close as trophy of the sun and
showers.*

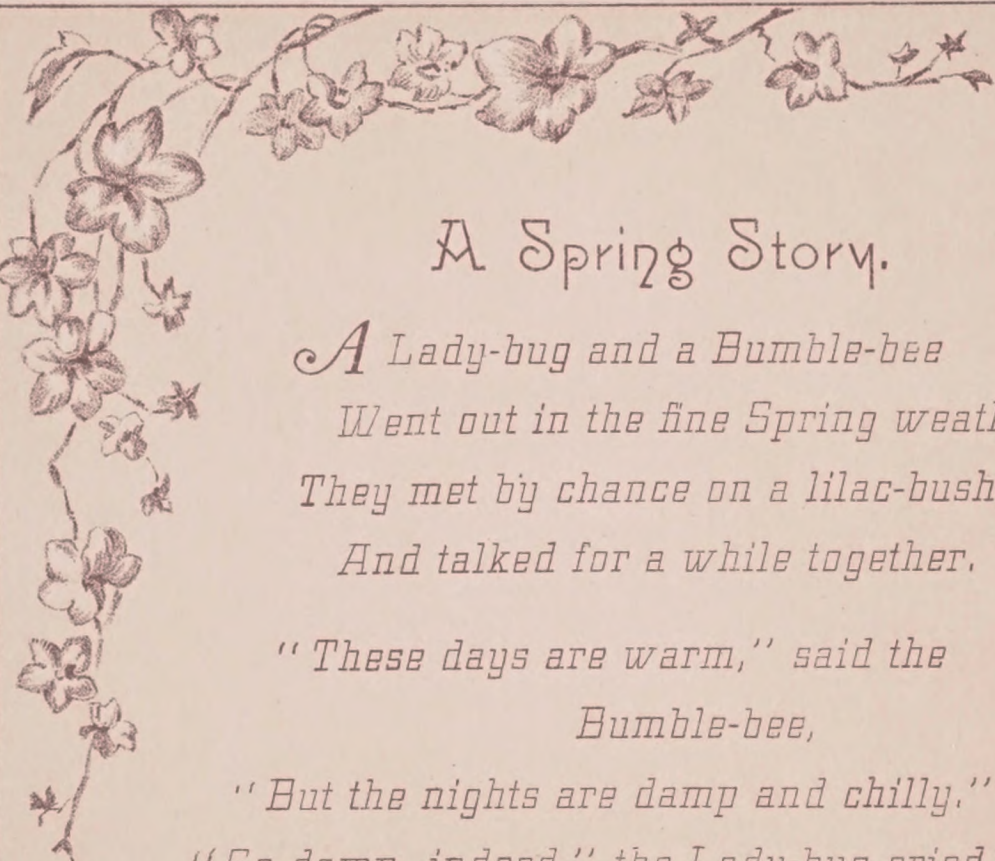
MARY B. DODGE.





THE flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is
come.

Song 2:12.



A Spring Story.

*A Lady-bug and a Bumble-bee
Went out in the fine Spring weather ;
They met by chance on a lilac-bush,
And talked for a while together.*

*" These days are warm," said the
Bumble-bee,*

" But the nights are damp and chilly."

" So damp, indeed," the Lady-bug cried,

" I should think you'd rent the lily."

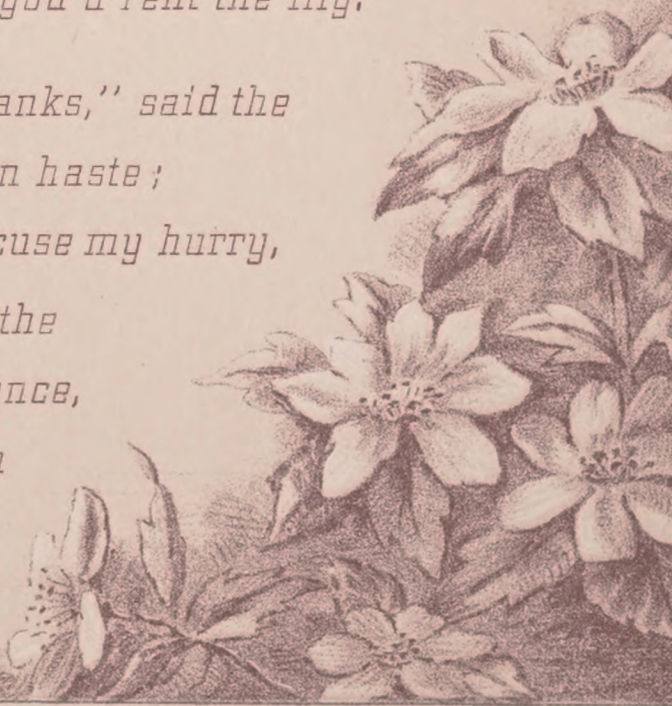
*" A thousand thanks," said the
bee, in haste ;*

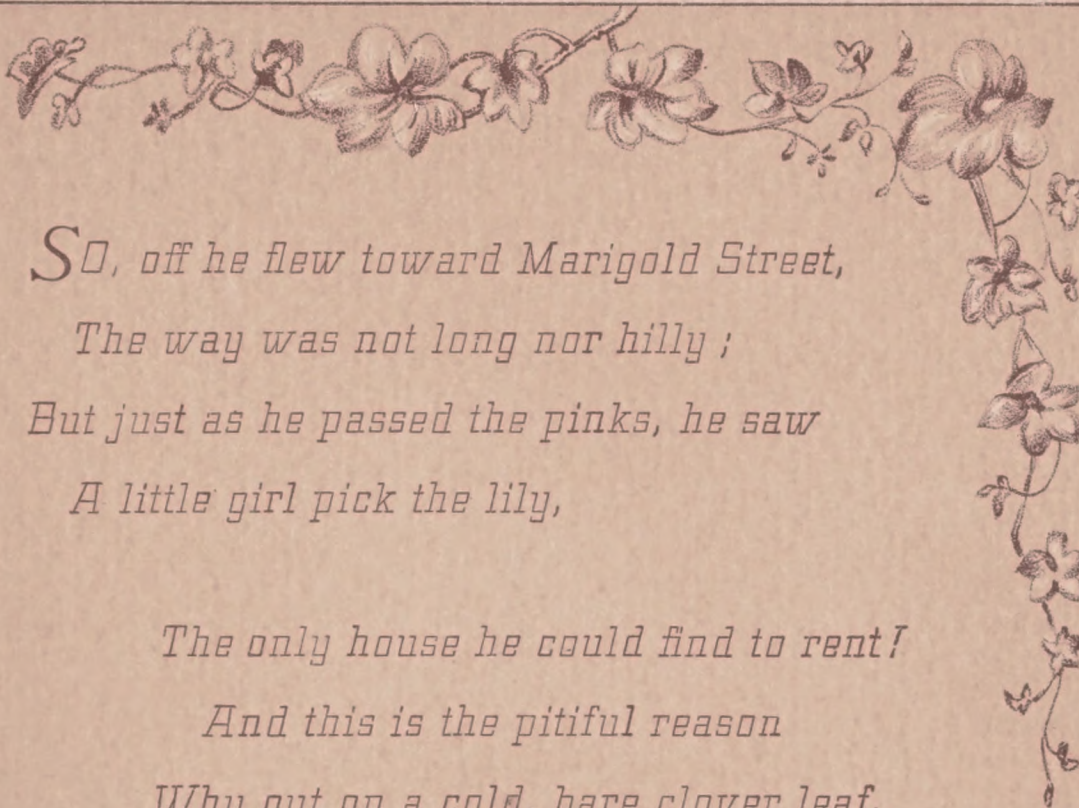
" And if you'll excuse my hurry,

*I'll go and secure the
house at once,*

*Before there's a rush
and a flurry."*

(Continued.)





*SO, off he flew toward Marigold Street,
The way was not long nor hilly ;
But just as he passed the pinks, he saw
A little girl pick the lily,*

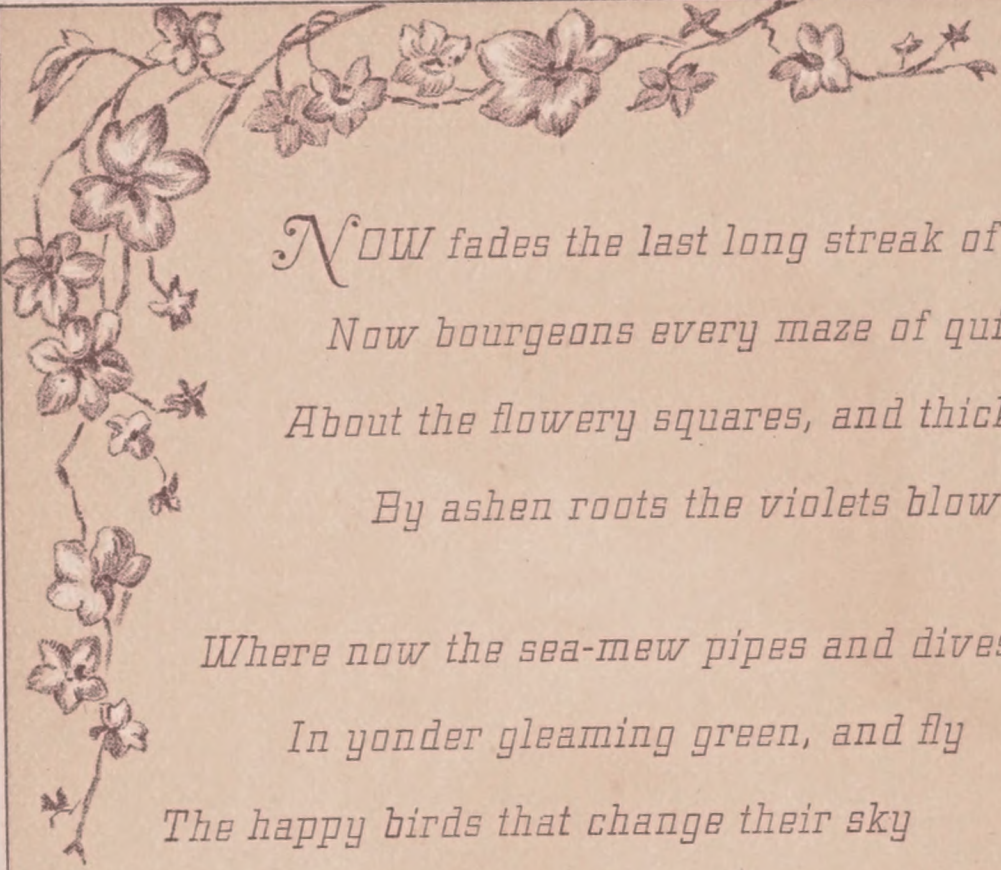
*The only house he could find to rent !
And this is the pitiful reason
Why out on a cold, bare clover leaf,
He slept the rest of the season.*

*And the rule is this : when spring-
time comes,
And the nights are damp and
chilly ;*

*Be very sure that it's not
"To Let,"
Before you gather a lily.*

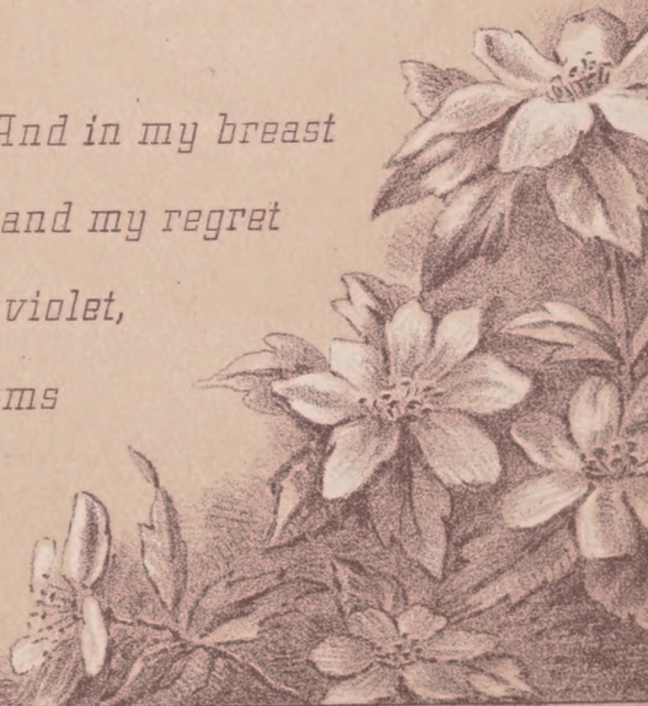


KATE KELLOGG



*N*OW fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowery squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow ;
Where now the sea-mew pipes and dives
In yonder gleaming green, and fly
The happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives.

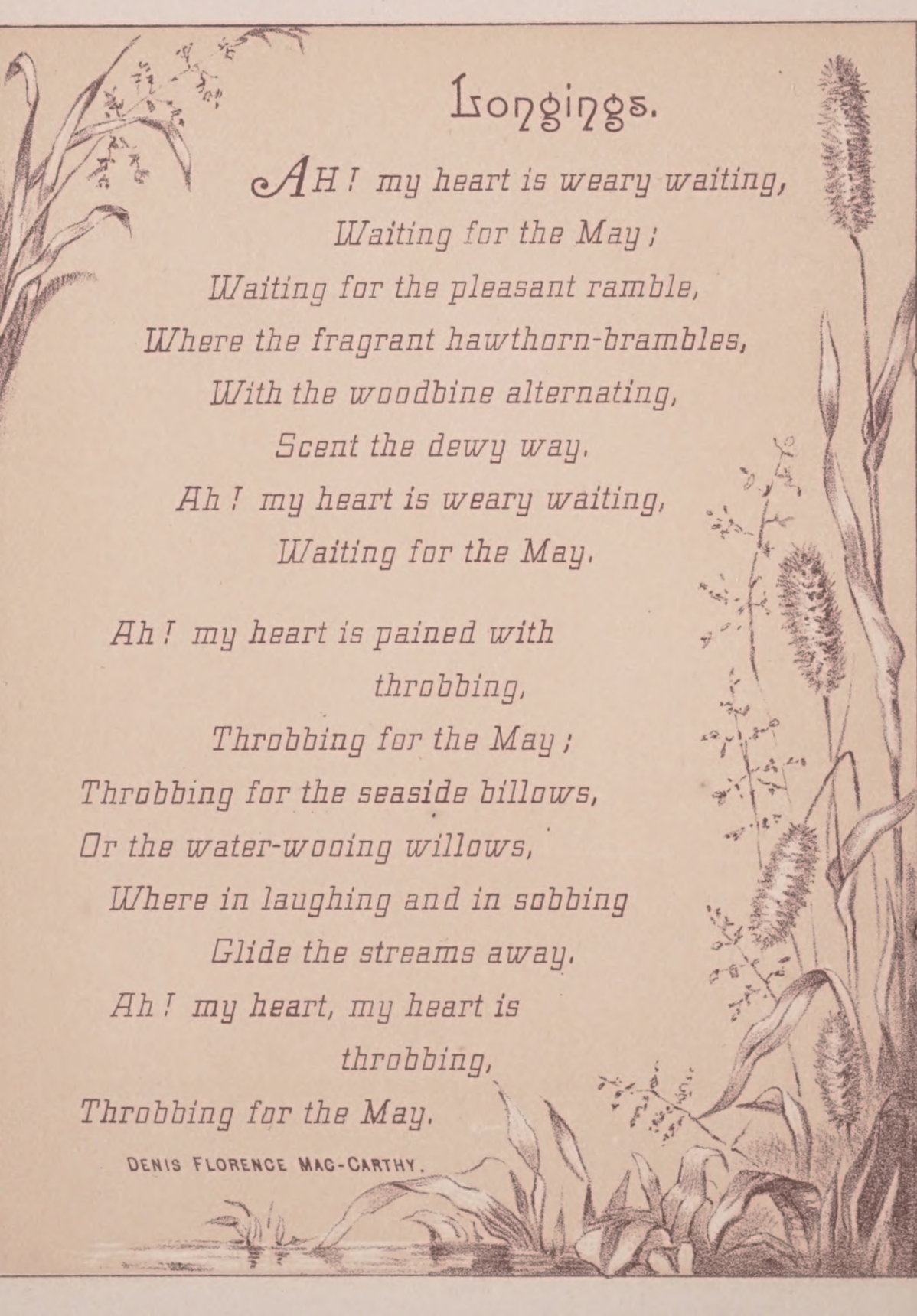
*From land to land, And in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms
like the rest,*





THE grass withereth, the flower
fadeth: but the Word of our GOD shall
stand for ever.

Isa. 40:8.



Longings.

*AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May;*

*Waiting for the pleasant ramble,
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.*

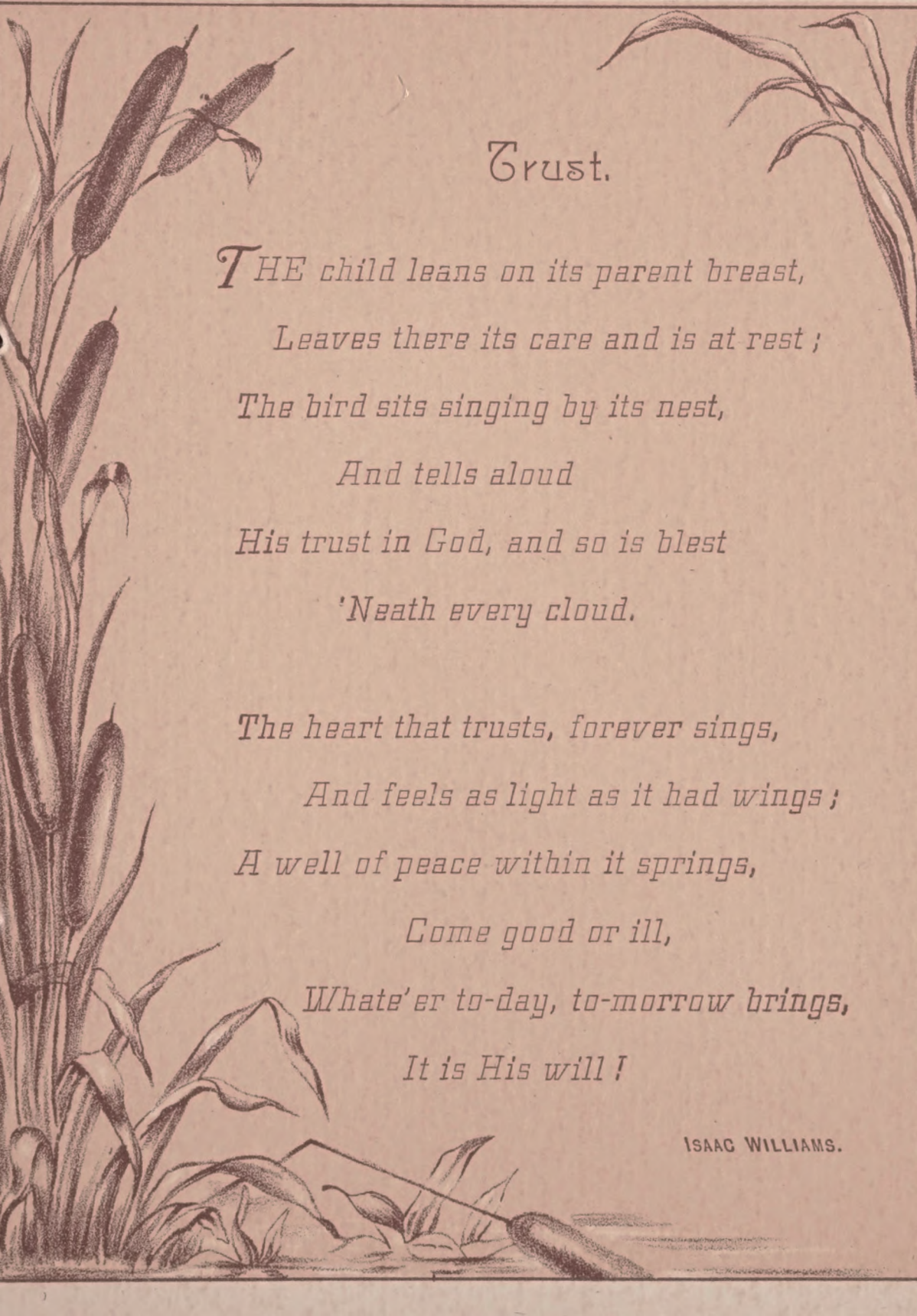
*Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.*

*Ah! my heart is pained with
throbbing,*

*Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.*

*Ah! my heart, my heart is
throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.*

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

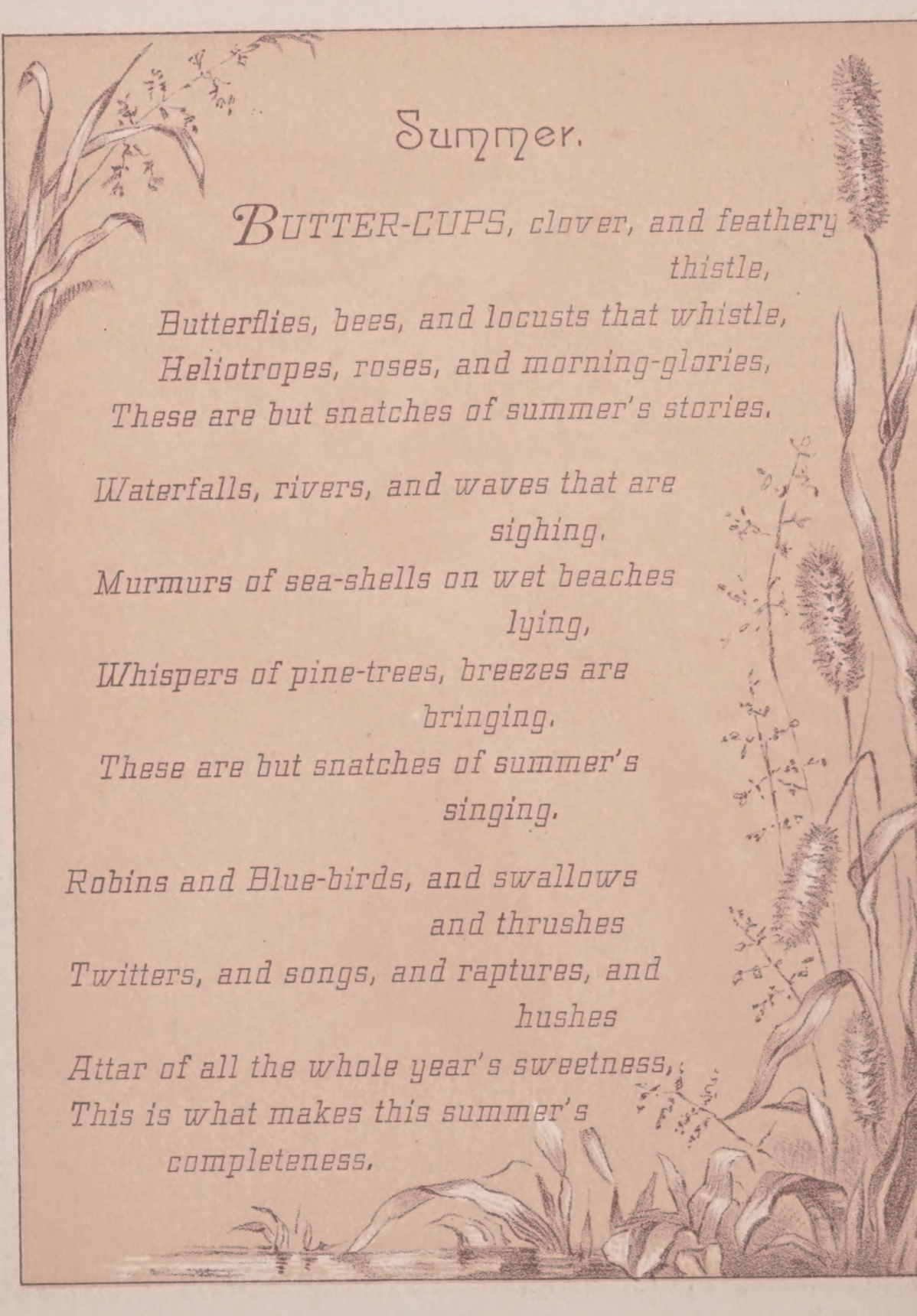


Trust.

*THE child leans on its parent breast,
Leaves there its care and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.*

*The heart that trusts, forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will !*

ISAAC WILLIAMS.



Summer.

*BUTTER-CUPS, clover, and feathery
thistle,*

*Butterflies, bees, and locusts that whistle,
Heliotropes, roses, and morning-glories,
These are but snatches of summer's stories.*

*Waterfalls, rivers, and waves that are
sighing,*

*Murmurs of sea-shells on wet beaches
lying,*

*Whispers of pine-trees, breezes are
bringing.*

*These are but snatches of summer's
singing.*

*Robins and Blue-birds, and swallows
and thrushes*

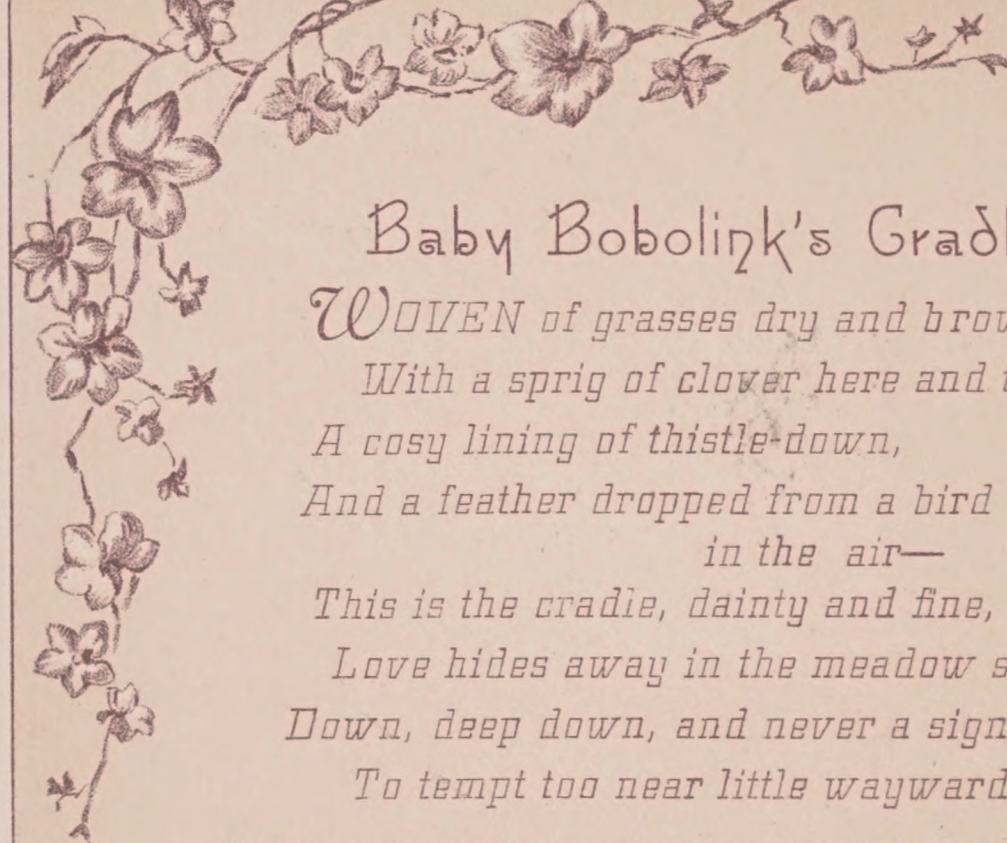
*Twitters, and songs, and raptures, and
hushes*

*Attar of all the whole year's sweetness,
This is what makes this summer's
completeness.*



REMEMBER now thy Creator in
the days of thy youth, while the evil
days come not.

Eccl. 12:1.



Baby Bobolink's Cradle.

*W*OVEN of grasses dry and brown,
With a sprig of clover here and there,
A cosy lining of thistle-down,
And a feather dropped from a bird
in the air—

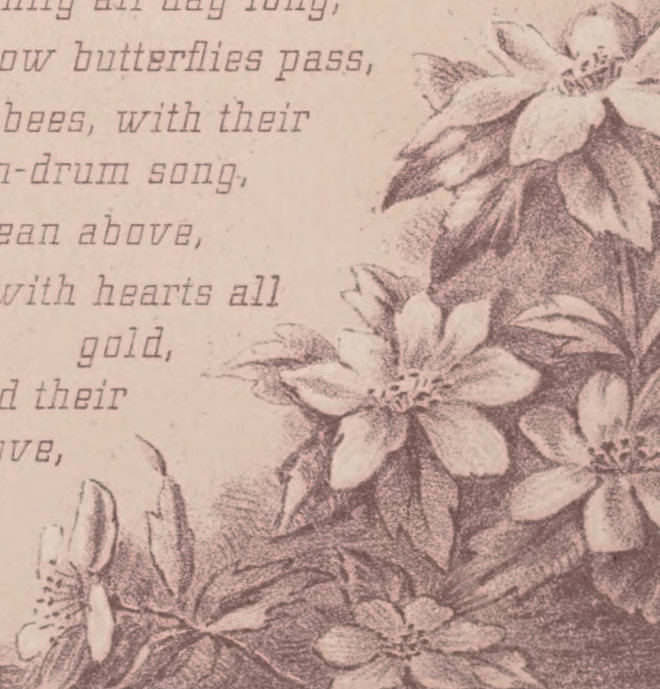
This is the cradle, dainty and fine,
Love hides away in the meadow sweet,
Down, deep down, and never a sign
To tempt too near little wayward feet,

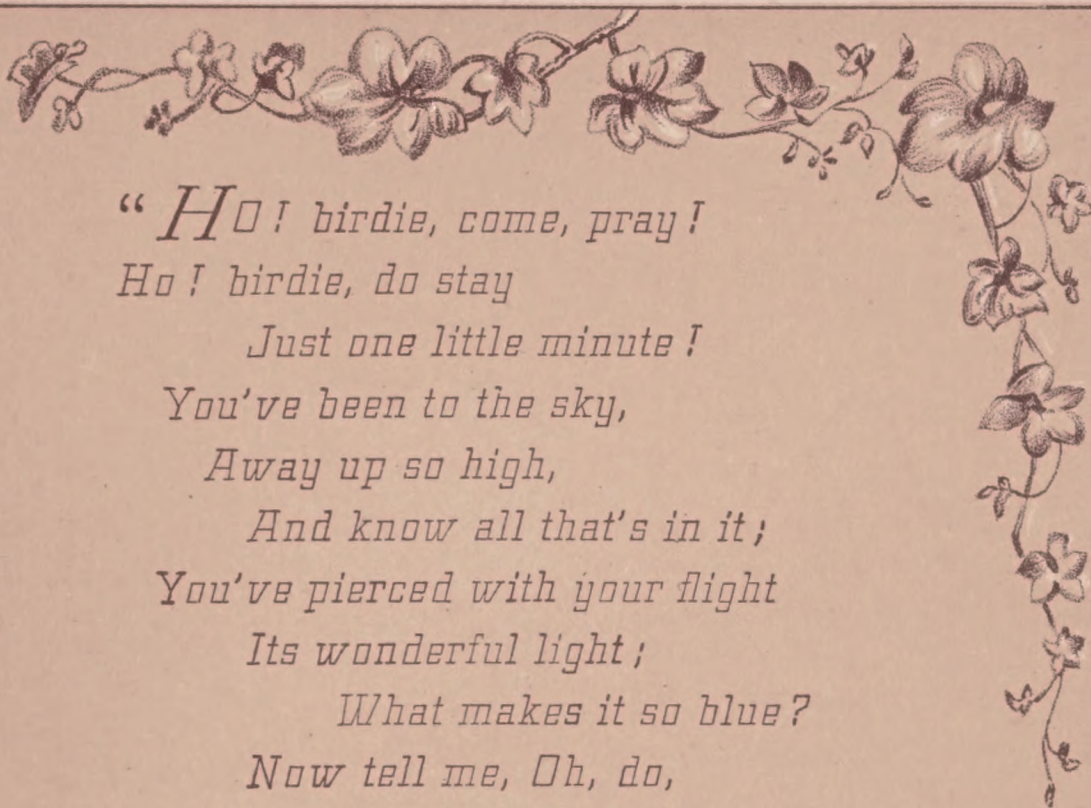
Down, deep down, in the blossoming grass,
That rustles dreamily all day long,
And only the yellow butterflies pass,
And the green-gold bees, with their
hum-drum song,

Golden buttercups lean above,
And daisies white, with hearts all
gold,
Golden lily-bells nod their
love,

And the golden sun-
shine all doth fold.

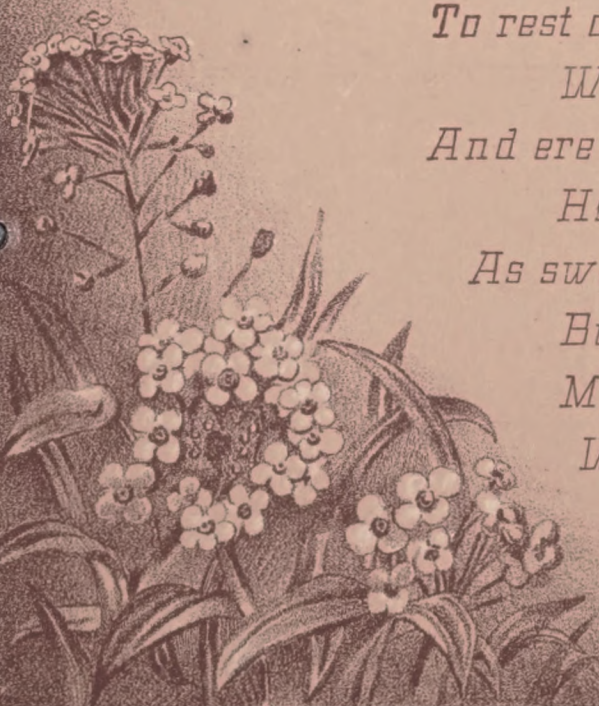
LUCY G. WARNER.

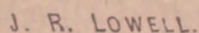




*"Ho ! birdie, come, pray !
Ho ! birdie, do stay
Just one little minute !
You've been to the sky,
Away up so high,
And know all that's in it ;
You've pierced with your flight
Its wonderful light ;
What makes it so blue ?
Now tell me, Oh, do,
Little birdie !"*

*The bird stopped a while,
To rest on a stile
With mosses upon it ;
And ere very long,
He poured forth a song
As sweet as a sonnet ;
But never a word
My waiting ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Though he told all he
knew—
Stupid birdie.*

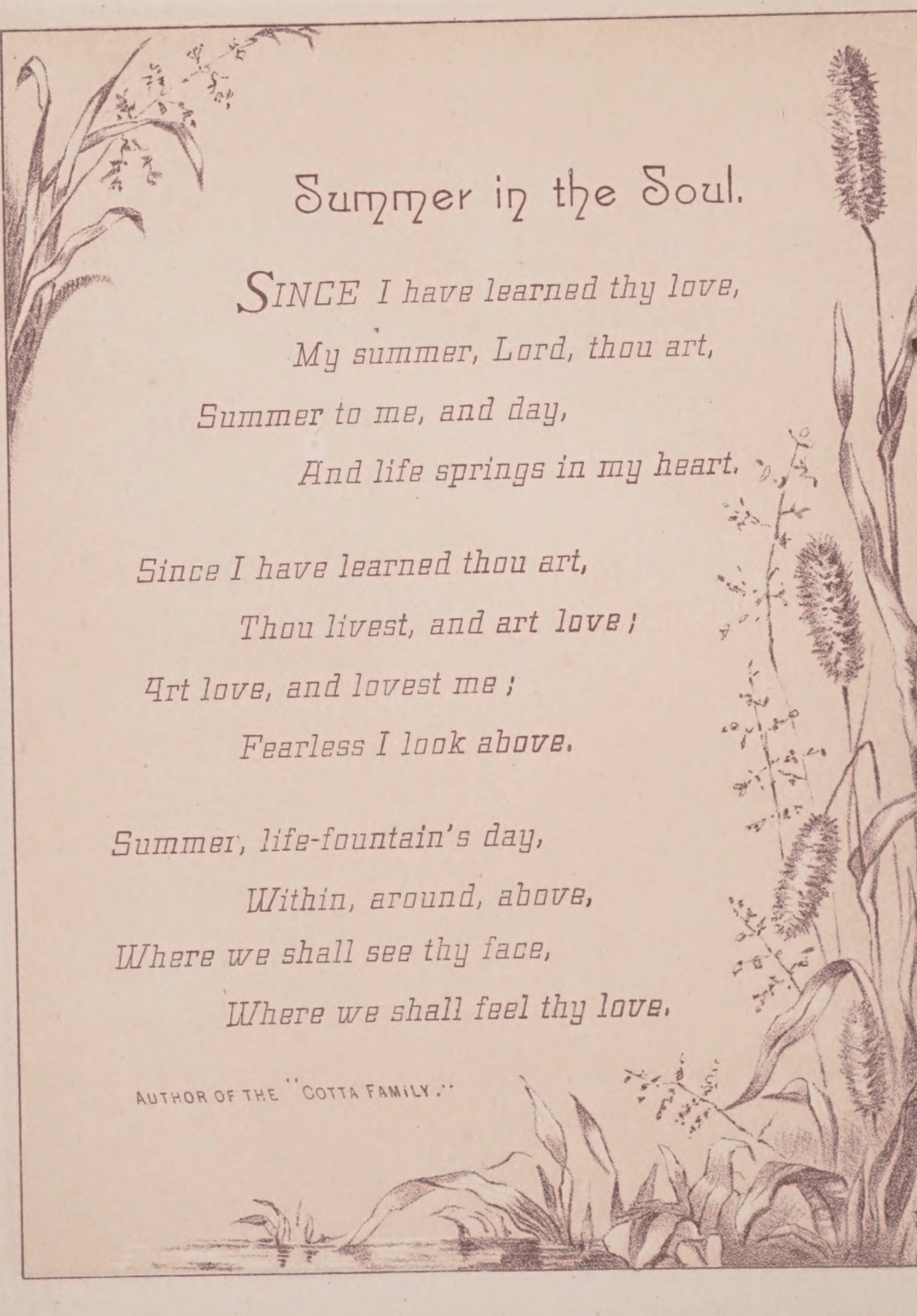






THOU hast set all the borders of
the earth: thou hast made summer
and winter.

Psa. 74:17.



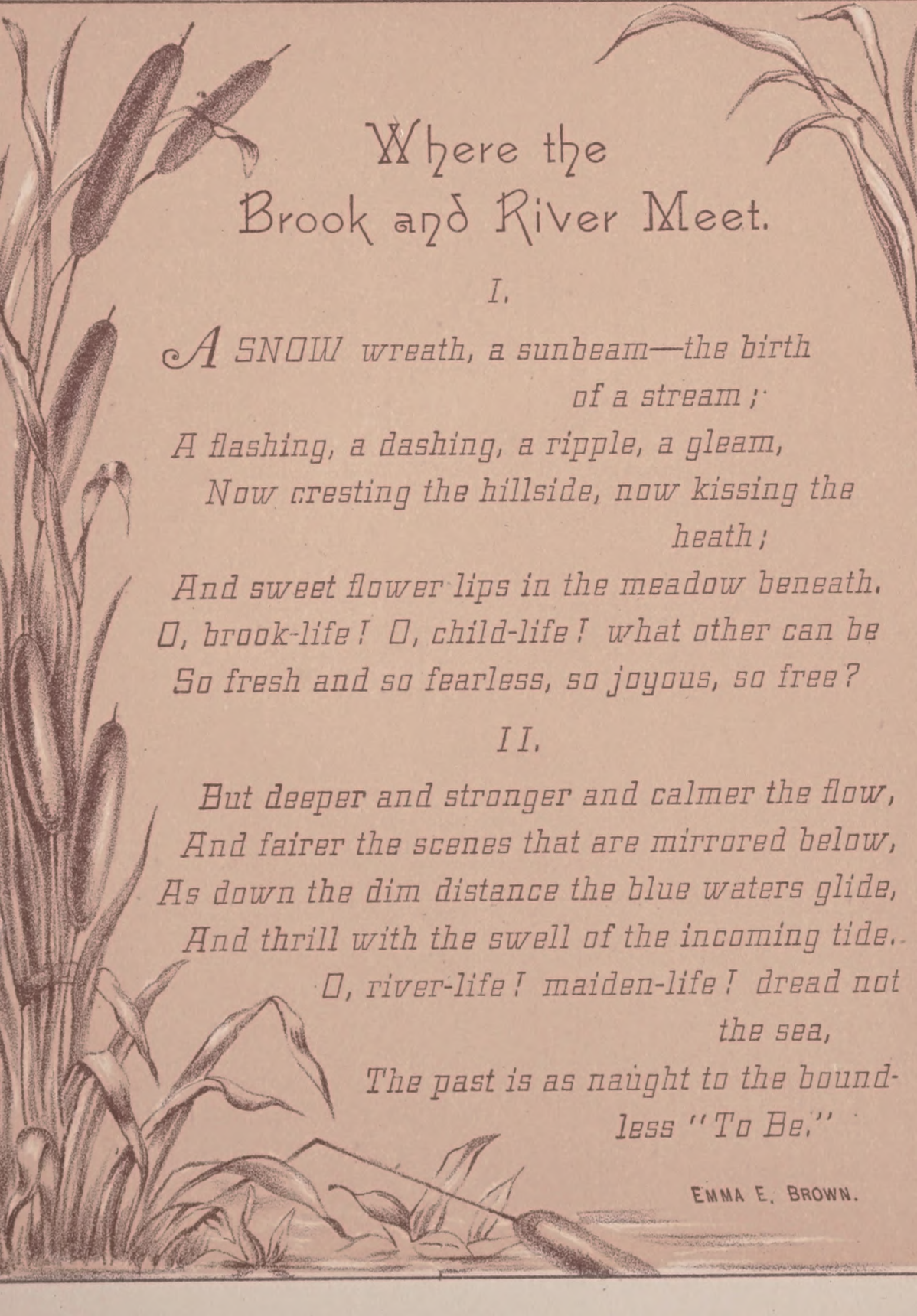
Summer in the Soul.

*SINCE I have learned thy love,
My summer, Lord, thou art,
Summer to me, and day,
And life springs in my heart.*

*Since I have learned thou art,
Thou livest, and art love ;
Art love, and lovest me ;
Fearless I look above.*

*Summer, life-fountain's day,
Within, around, above,
Where we shall see thy face,
Where we shall feel thy love.*

AUTHOR OF THE "COTTA FAMILY."



Where the Brook and River Meet.

I.

*A SNOW wreath, a sunbeam—the birth
of a stream ;*

*A flashing, a dashing, a ripple, a gleam,
Now cresting the hillside, now kissing the
heath ;*

*And sweet flower lips in the meadow beneath.
O, brook-life ! O, child-life ! what other can be
So fresh and so fearless, so joyous, so free ?*

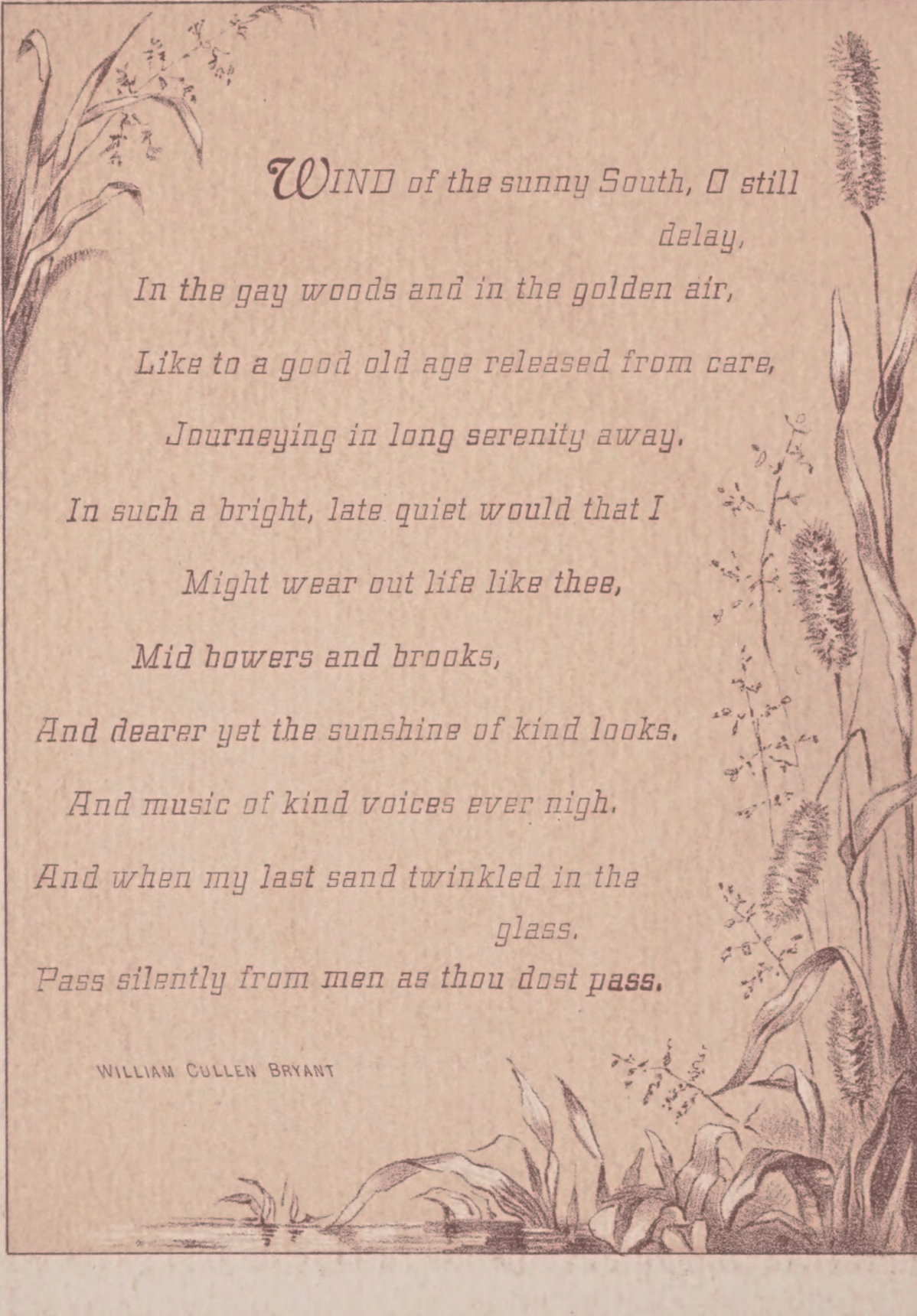
II.

*But deeper and stronger and calmer the flow,
And fairer the scenes that are mirrored below,
As down the dim distance the blue waters glide,
And thrill with the swell of the incoming tide.*

*O, river-life ! maiden-life ! dread not
the sea,*

*The past is as naught to the bound-
less "To Be,"*

EMMA E. BROWN.



*WIND of the sunny South, O still
delay,*

In the gay woods and in the golden air,

Like to a good old age released from care,

Journeying in long serenity away.

In such a bright, late quiet would that I

Might wear out life like thee,

Mid bowers and brooks,

And dearer yet the sunshine of kind looks.

And music of kind voices ever nigh.

*And when my last sand twinkled in the
glass.*

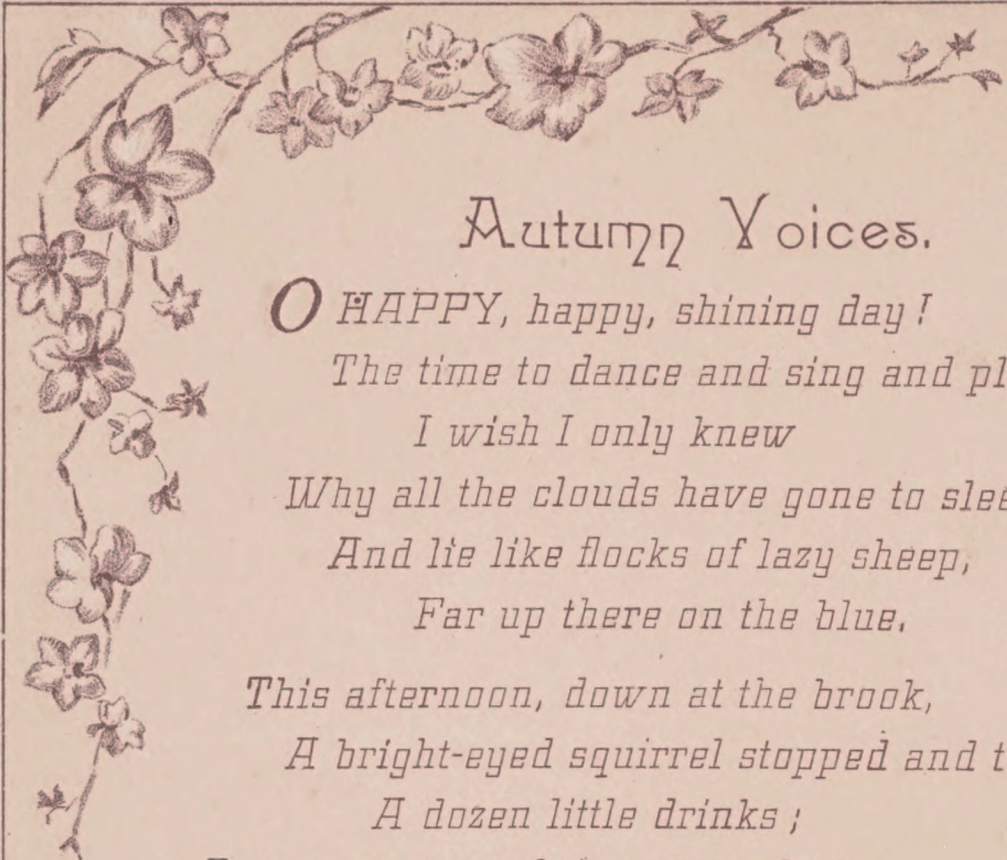
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



WE all do fade as the leaf; and
our iniquities, like the wind, have taken
us away.

Isa. 64:6.

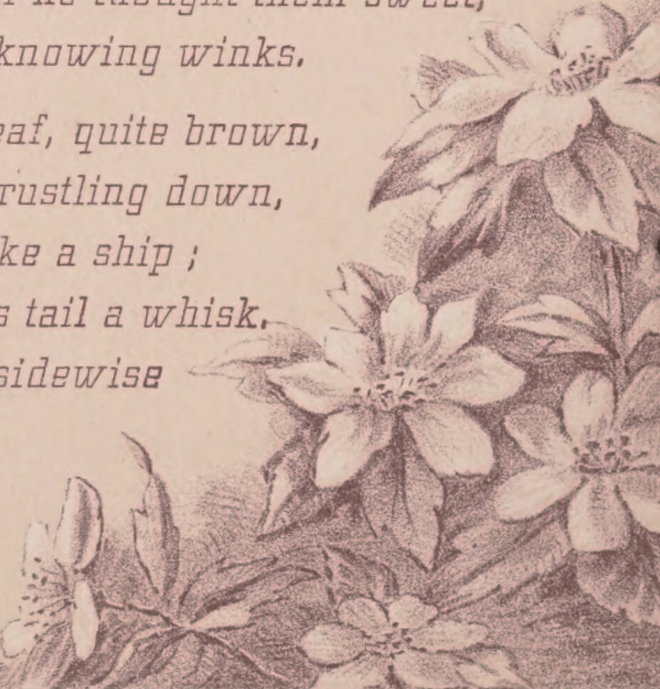


Autumn Voices.

O HAPPY, happy, shining day!
The time to dance and sing and play!
I wish I only knew
Why all the clouds have gone to sleep,
And lie like flocks of lazy sheep,
Far up there on the blue.

This afternoon, down at the brook,
A bright-eyed squirrel stopped and took
A dozen little drinks;
Some nuts were lying at my feet,
He looked as if he thought them sweet,
And gave some knowing winks.

Just then a little leaf, quite brown,
Into the brook came rustling down,
And sailed off like a ship;
The squirrel gave his tail a whisk.
Then made a funny sidewise
frisk,
And left me with a
skip.



Consider

THE lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief.

*We are as they ;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf,*

CONSIDER

*The sparrows of the air, of small account ;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount ;
He guards us too.*

CONSIDER

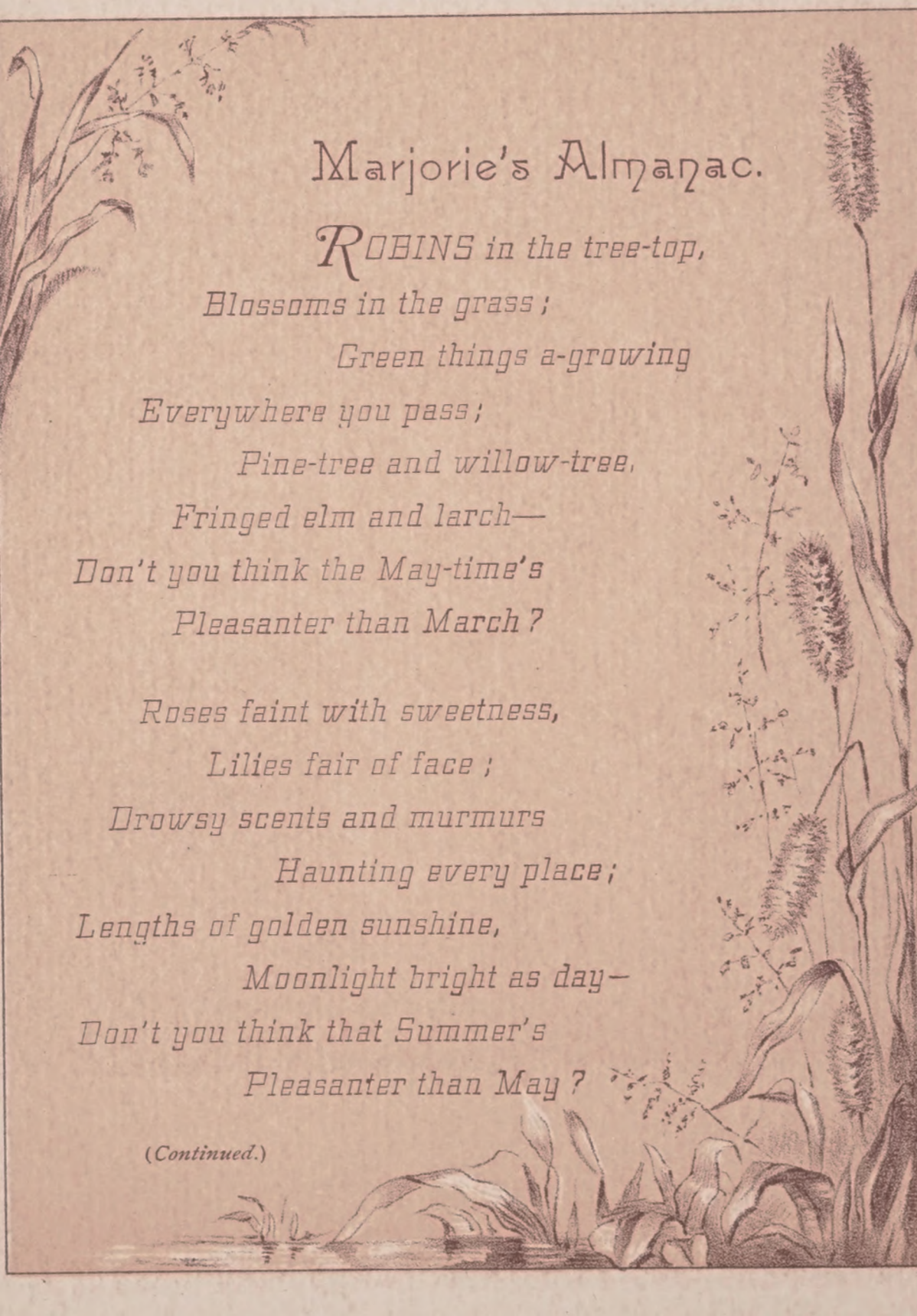
*The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair ;
What profits all this care,
And all this toil ?*

CONSIDER

*The birds that have no barn nor
harvest weeks,
God gives them food ;
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.*



ROSSETTI.



Marjorie's Almanac.

*ROBINS in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass ;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass ;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think the May-time's
Pleasanter than March ?*

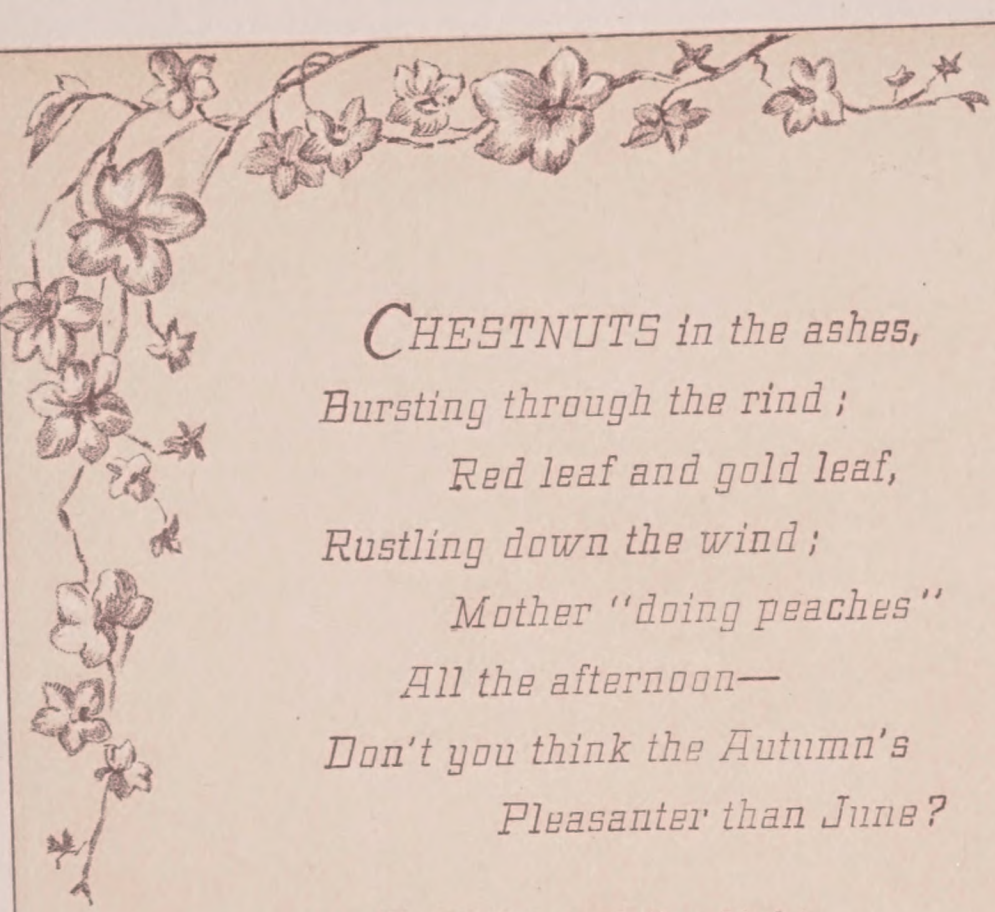
*Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face ;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place ;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that Summer's
Pleasanter than May ?*

(Continued.)



WASH me and I shall be whiter
than snow. Make me to hear joy and
gladness.

Psa. 51:7, 8.



*CHESTNUTS in the ashes,
Bursting through the rind ;
Red leaf and gold leaf,
Rustling down the wind ;
Mother "doing peaches"
All the afternoon—
Don't you think the Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?*

*Twilight and fire-light,
Shadows come and go ;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Tinkling through the snow ;
Mother knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball—
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all?*



T. B. ALDRICH.

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